

SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtlandt's appearance there. Multimilitonaire, he wandered about where mancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accounted by a pretty young woman. She gave him the address of Flora Desimone, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtlandt enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he may be suspected of the abduction of Eleanora Courtlandt arranges for an alibl. Eleanora reappears and accuses Courtlandt of having abducted her. His alibl is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed. Eleanora flees to Lake Como to rest after the shock. She is followed by a number of her admirers, among them the prince who really procured her abduction. Courtlandt also goes to Como and there meets Jimmie Harrigan, retired prizofighter and father of Eleanora, whose real name is Nora Harrigan. Harrigan takes Courtlandt into his favor at once. He introduces Courtlandt to his daughter, but the latter gives no sign of ever having met him before. She studiously avoids him.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued. "I have had many wicked thoughts lately," resumed Nora, turning her gaze away from the tennis players. She and the padre were sitting on the lower steps of the veranda. The othars were loitering by the nets.

"The old plaint disturbs you?" "Yes." •

"Can you not cast it out wholly?" "Hate has many tentacles."

"What produces that condition of mind?" meditatively. "Is it because we have wronged somebody?" "Or because somebody has wronged

"Or misjudged us, by us has been

misjudged?" softly. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Nora, springing up.

"What is it?" "Father is coming up the path!"

"I am glad to see him. But I do not recollect having seen the face of the

The lithe eagerness went out of Nora's body instantly. Everything seemed to grow cold, as if she had become enveloped in one of those fogs that suddenly blow down menacingly from hidden icebergs. Fortunately the inquiring eyes of the padre were not directed at her. He was here, not a dozen yards away, coming toward her, her father's arm in his! After what had passed he had dared! It was not often that Nora Harrigan was subjected to a touch of vertigo, but at this moment she felt that if she stirred ever so little she must fall. The stock whence she had sprung, however, was aggressive and fearless; and by the time Courtlandt had reached the outer markings of the courts, Nora was physically herself again. The advantage of the meeting would be his. That part would be playing into his hands. If only she had known!

"Let us go and meet them, padre," she said quietly. With her father, her mother and the others, the inevitable introduction would be shorn of its danger.

"Nora!" It was her mother calling. and they went forward leisurely. "Why, father, I thought you weren't

coming," said Nora. Her voice was without a tremor.

The padre hadn't the least idea that va volcano might at any moment open up at his side. He smiled benignly.

"Changed my mind," said Harrigan. "Nora, Molly, I want you to meet Mr. Courtlandt. I don't know that I ever said anything about it, but his father was one of the best friends I ever had. He was on his way up here, so I came along with him." Then Harrigan paused and looked about him embarrassedly. There were half a dozen unfamillar faces.

The colonel quickly stepped into the breach, and the introduction of Courtlandt became general. Nora bowed, and became at once engaged in an animated conversation with the Barone, who had just finished his set victoriously

padre's benign smile slowly

CHAPTER IX.

Dick Courtlandt's Boy. Presently the servants brought out the tea-service. The silent dark-skinned h, with his fierce curling whiskers,

away the semi-military, d by an enormed Courtbe added mething le wantut Rao s conss of

"Oh, yes; I am very fond of Como," he found himself replying mechanically to Mrs. Harrigan. He gave up Rao despite his repugnance, to watch Nora. | them all knew, And all the while Mrs. Harrigan was talking and he was replying; and she thought him charming, whereas he of the conversation.

"Tea!" bawled the colonel. The verb ly applied it to the colonel's outbursts up too quickly. See that Indian, passwithout being depressed by the feeling of inelegance.

There is invariably some slight hesitation in the selection of chairs around a tea table in the open. Nora scored the first point of this singular battle by seizing the padre on one side and her father on the other and pulling them down on the bench. It landt at a safe distance and in nowise strangers." offended the younger men, who could find no cause for alarm in the close proximity of her two fathers, the spirtual and the physical. A few moments later Courtlandt saw a smile of malice part her lips, for he found himself between Celeste and the inevitable frump.

"Touched!" he murmured, for he was a thorough sportsman and appreciated a good point even when taken

by his opponent. "I never saw anything like it," whispered Mrs. Harrigan into the colonel's

"Saw what?" he asked. "Mr Courtlandt can't keep his eyes

off of Nora." "I say!" The colonel adjusted his eye-glass, not that he expected to see more clearly by doing so, but because habit had long since turned an affecta-

tion into a movement wholly mechanical. "Well, who can blame him? Gad! if I were only twenty-five or thereabouts." Mrs. Harrigan did not encourage

this regret. The colonel had never been a rich man. On the other hand, this Edward Courtlandt was very rich; he was young; and he had the entree to the best families in Europe, which was greater in her eyes than either youth or riches. Between sips of tea she builded a fine castle in Spain.

Abbott and the Barone carried their cups and cakes over to the bench and sat down on the grass, Turkish-wise. Both simultaneously offered their cakes, and Nora took a lady finger from each. Abbott laughed and the

Barone smiled. "Oh, daddy mine!" sighed Nora drolly.

"Huh?"

"Don't let mother see those shoes." "What's the matter with 'em? Ev erybody's wearing the same."

"Yes. But I don't see how you manage to do it. One shoe string is virgin white and the other is pagan brown."

"I've got nine pairs of shoes and yet there's always something the matter," ruefully. "I never noticed when I put them on. Besides, I wasn't

That's no defense. But rest easy I'll be as secret as the grave."

"Now I for one would never have noticed if you hadn't called my attention," said the padre, stealing a glance at his own immaculate patent leathers. "Ah, padre, that wife of mine has eyes like a pilot-fish. I'm in for it."

"Borrow one from the colonel before you go home," suggested Abbott

"That's not half bad," gratefully. Harrigan began to recount the trials of forgetfulness.

Slyly from the corner of her eye Nora looked at Courtlandt, who was at that moment staring thoughtfully into his tea cup and stirring the contents industriously. His face was a little thinner, but aside from that he had changed scarcely at all; and then, because these two years had left so was indubitable. Any mistake on her little mark upon his face, a tinge of unreasonable anger ran over her, "Men have died and worms have eaten them." she thought cynically. Perhaps the air between them was sufficiently charged with electricity to convey the impression across the intervening space; for his eyes came up quickly, but not quickly enough to catch her. She put her arm through the padre's, She dropped her glance to Abbott, transferred it to the Barone, and finally let it rest on her father face. Four handsomer men she had never seen.

> landt," said Harrigan, speaking to Abbott "Just happened that way. We went to school together. When I was little they used to make me wear curls and wide collars. Many's the time Courtlandt walloped the school bullies for mussing me up. I don't see him much these days. Once in a while he walks

"You never told me you knew Court-

in. That's all. Always seems to know where his friends are, but none ever knows where he is."

Abbott proceeded to elaborate some of his friend's exploits. Nora heard. as if from afar. Vaguely she caught a glimmer of what the contest was going to be. She could see only a little way; ;still, she was optimistically confident of the result. She was ready. Indeed, now that the shock of the meeting was past, she found herself not at all averse to a conflict. It would be something to let go the pent-up wrath of two years. Never would she speak to him directly; never would she permit him to be alone with her; never would she miss a chance to twist his heart, to humiliate him, to

snub him. "So I have heard," she was dimly conscious of saying.

"Didn't know you knew," said Ab

"Knew what?" rousing herself. "That Courtlandt nearly lost his life in the eighties." "In the eightles!" dismayed at her

"Latitudes. Polar expedition."

"Heavens! I was miles away." The padre took her hand in his own and began to pat it softly. It was the as hopeless so far as coming to his nearest he dared approach in the way rescue was concerned. He began, of suggesting caution. He alone of

"Oh, I believe I read something about it in the newspapers."

"Five years ago." Abbott set down had not formed any opinion of her at his tea cup. "He's de bravest man I all, nor later could remember a word know. He's rather a friendless man besides. Horror of money. Thinks every one is after him for that. Tries had its distinct uses, and one general- to throw it away; but the income piles ing the cakes? Wouldn't think it would you, that Courtlandt carried him on his back for five miles! The Indian had fallen afoul a wounded tiger, and the beaters were miles off. I've been watching. They haven't even spoken to each other. Courtlandt's probably forgotten all about the incident, and the Indian would die rather was adroit in two ways: it put Court- than embarrass his savior before

"Your friend, then, is quite a hero?" What was the matter with Nora's voice? Abbott looked at her wonderingly. The tone was hard and unmusical.

"He couldn't be anything else, be ing Dick Courtlandt's boy," volunteered Harrigan, with enthusiasm. "It runs in the family."

"It seems strange," observed Nora. "that I never heard you mention that you knew a Mr. Courtlandt."

"Why, Nora, there's a lot of things nobody mentions unless chance brings them up. Courtlandt-the one I knew -has been dead these sixteen years. If I knew he had had a son, I'd forgotten all about it. The only graveyard isn't on the hillside; there's one under everybody's thatch."

The padre nodded approvingly. Nora was not particularly pleased landt would find a valiant champion in her father, who would blunder in when some fine passes were being exchanged. And she could not tell him; she would have cut out her tongue

"Will you forgive me?" asked Celeste of Courtlandt. Never had she felt more ill at ease. For a full ten minutes he chatted pleasantly, with never the slightest hint regarding the episode in Paris. She could stand it no longer. "Will you forgive me?"

"For what?" "That night in Paris." "Do not permit that to bother you

in the least. I was never going to recall it." "Was it so unpleasant?"

"On the contrary, I was much

amused." "I did not tell you the truth." "So I have found out."

"I do not believe that it was you," impulsively. "Thanks. I had nothing to do with

Miss Harrigan's imprisonment." "Do you feel that you could make a confidant of me?"

He smiled "My dear Miss Four nier, I have come to the place where I distrust even myself."

"Forgive my curiosity!" Courtlandt held out his cup to Rao. am glad to see you again

"Ah. Sahib!" The little Frenchwoman was torn with curiosity and repression. She wanted to know what causes had produced this unusual drama which was unfolding before her eyes. To be presented with effects which had no apparent causes was maddening. It was not dissimilar to being taken to the second act of a modern problem play and being forced to leave before the curtain rose upon the third act. She had laid all the traps her intelligent mind could invent: and Nora had calmly walked over them or around. Nora's mind was Celtic: French in its adroitness and Irish in its watchfulness and tenacity. And now she had set her arts of persuasion in motion (aided by a piquant beauty) to lift a corner of the veil from this man's heart. Check-

mate! "I should like to help you," she said truthfully.

"In what way?" It was useless, but she continued: 'She does not know that you went

to Flora Desimone's that night." "And yet she sent you to watch me." "But so many things happened afterward that she evidently forgot."

"That is possible." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Didn't Mind the Crowd.

The most embarrassing moment of my life was when I once entertained a young man friend at our camp at a popular lake, on Sunday, writes a Chicago Tribune correspondent. The young man had been very attentive all during our acquaintanceship but I never had thought the affair serious.

I went to the car with him and, as usual, there was a crowd there. We stood back until the others were on board and then he stepped on the first step and stood talking.

As the car started, I held out my hand to say good-by and he held it so firmly that I could not escape. Then he leaned over and kissed me on the head while I ran along beside the moving car in sight of all our camp friends.

The Artful Schemer. "When it comes to ways and means my wife is a wonder."

"Some fixer, eh?" "I should say so. Her latest stunt is to encourage an affair of the heart between the hired girl and the handsome milkman, so the girl will get up early in the morning."-Pittsburgb

Much Work on Small Box. The construction of a cigar box may seem to be a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through nineteen processes before & is ready to receive the cigara.

## **EXPLANATION OF EUROPEAN CRISIS** IS HARD TO FIND

Diplomats and Observers Unable to Understand the Attitude of Austria.

RECENTLY STRONG FOR PEACE

Count Berchtold, Only a Few Weeks Ago, Bitterly Criticized the War Party, and His Change of Front Has Not as Yet Been Explained.

"Confusion worse confounded" is the one phrase that aptly characterizes the war situation in Europe. The leading newspapers and the most experienced observers are unable to agree on any explanation of the crisis. And the reason is not far to seek.

Only a few weeks ago the foreign minister of Austria, Count Berchtold, was earnestly defending the pacific and moderate policy he had been pursuing toward the Balkans and Russia. Berchtold for Peace

In a speech to the delegates at Budapest he vigorously answered criticisms of spokesmen of the war party, particularly of a delegate who was supposed to be expressing the sentiments of the then heir presumptive, the late with this phase in the play. Court- Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Count Berchtold spoke of the aged emperor's sincere and resolute devotion to peace; he gave arguments of his own, moreover, in support of a policy of patience and peace.

Feared Loss of Prestige. The frankness and directness of that speech impressed everybody except those who feared that Austria might be accused of timidity and weakness, might be misunderstood and in consequence might lose political and military prestige.

There were some among these who thought, moreover, that Russia, whose recuperative power was wonderfuler-was getting too mighty and too naval resources.

than later, they held, Sweden Takes Up Cry. But Count Berchtold's view pre-

Europe by tempting fortune. excitedly discussing "the Russian Pan-German ambitions and dreams. peril" and demanding new measures of defense, while a section of the German press was pointing to the "bear

reckon with in the near future. Yet the peace of Europe is broken not by Russia, not by a Balkan power an empire, to repeat, that has been desirous of revising the settlement imposed by Roumania and the concert but by Austria, and seemingly under Count Berchtold's direction.

What has happened in the short interval? If peace was necessary a few weeks ago, why is war inevitable to-

To understand the situation it is essential to distinguish between glittering generalities, fanciful aspirations, literature and rhetoric, on the one hand, and hard, grim, concrete facts on the other. It is essential to know what the conflict is not. It is not a war between Teuton and Slav. It is not a war between the Pan-German world party and the Pan-Slav world party. It is not war for the preservation of Hapsburg monarchy.

Move Is Anti-Austrian.

The Pan-German movement is anti-Servian and cannot fail to be so. The reform measures, political and social success of that movement would destroy Austria as a political entity. The Pan-German extremists have had to be rebuked and repudiated by responsiof Austria.

The Pan-Slav movement in Russia is manifestly anti-Austrian, as well as anti-German. It dreams of Slav rule flict. "from the Adriatic sea to the Pacific benevolent sovereignty of Russia.

Czar's Interest in Servia. Pan-Slavism is, however, in a limited sense, unmistakably in evidence in and Hungarian Slavs does not favor the czar's profound interest in Servia fratricidal strife. and Montenegro. The czar's ministers have often blundered in the Balkans and have at times caused estrange-



ment, gravitation toward Germany, whatever might be said of its efficiency bitter feeling against Russia. But the and actual strength when pitted blunders were personal blunders of against a more civilized and free pow- bungling politicians. Russia has always posed and often acted as the paconfident, and was enjoying too much tron, friend, and protector of the Slavs opportunity for rehabilitation and con- everywhere, and especially of the Balsolidation of its financial and military- kan Slavs. It has had and still has its eye on its "estate in reversion," These vaguely favored a bold and Constantinople, and it cannot hope to aggressive policy even at the risk of plant its flag there without the consent land. Since the food supplied them war, which had better come sooner and support of the Balkan Slavs. It was execrable and since their kit furis good "Pan-Slavism" to support Ser- nished the necessary implements,

But in facing Austria, Russia con- termined to have a Welsh rabbit. Acvalled for the moment and excellent fronts not a German power, but a pow- cordingly two were deputed to proceed observers concluded that Austria, at er that is itself largely Slav. Slav to a corner grocery, there to obtain any rate, was not going to add to the will thus be fighting Slav and the Ger- the cheese and crackers. When the bustle up. "Ma'am! Ma'am!" they fighting for Slavs and with other Slavs At that very moment Sweden was and postponing the realization of the

Here, then, is a strange paradox, but not the only paradox in a situation that walks like a man" as the foe to full of anomalies-anomalies inseparable from the very nature and complexion of the Austro-Hungarian empire, held together quite as much by the jealousies and differences of outsiders of Europe at the Bucharest conference, as by the dynastic and personal influence of the Hapsburgs.

If Austria cannot and does not represent German interests and German culture in this fight, what is it fighting for? Pan-Servian agitation did not endanger its existence, while the war does. Its own Slaw elements at no time displayed an inclination to exchange its rule for that of the czar, although they were not averse to using Pan-Slav slogans in order to secure better representation and larger recog-

Danger to Dual Monarchy. The opinion of the soundest students tria-Hungary was to be preserved, only and happiness. a policy of peace, liberalism, greater autonomy, and home rule, conciliation of the various races and elements by contained the promise of such preser-

vation. The war actually endangers the existence of the dual monarchy, for aside ble German statesmen. As allies of from the chances of defeat and disas-Austria they could not countenance a ter, there is the fact that the Slav submovement which assumed and labored jects of the emperor cannot sympafor the disruption and disappearance thize with it. The separatist and particularist tendencies feared by the court and government can only be deepened and strengthened by the con-

The army and navy may be loval ocean." It dreams of Slav union or and obedient, as many assert. The confederation under the gentle and army and navy may be "Austrian," if the nation is not. But popular sentiment is a potent factor in war and popular sentiment among the Austrian

GREAT WARS' COST IN	LIVES	AND MON	EY
Wars-	Duration in days	Loss of	Cost In money.
England-France, 1793-1815	8,168	1,900,000	\$6,250,000,000
Crimean war, 1854-56	734	485,000	1,525,000,000
United States Civil war, 1861-65	2,456	656,000	3,700,000,000
Franco-German, 1870-71	405	290,000	1,580,000,000
Russo-Turkish, 1877-78	334	180,000	950,000,000
United States-Spanish war, 1898	101	2,910	*165,000,000
Boer war, 1899-1902	962	90,898	1,000,100,000
Russo-Japanese war, 1904-05	576	555,900	2,250,000,000
Balkan wars	302	145,500	200,000,000



Crown Prince Alexander of Servia. who made a gallant record during the Balkan war, will lead his battlescarred veterans against the Aus-

Jealousy a Great Factor.

No wonder the intelligent world is puzzled and utterly at a loss to explain Austria's course.

## -it answers every beverage requirement-vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness, It will satisfy you.

**NEW EXPERIENCE FOR BARBER** 

First Time He Had Shaved Mar Whose Face Had an Unequal Growth of Hair.

Capt. W. V. Lucas, who was an offieer in the Fourteenth Iowa regiment, tells an amusing story of an incident that occurred during General Price's raid into Missouri in the last year of the Civil war. The story appears in 'Pilot Knob," by Messrs. C. A. Peter-

son and J. M. Hanson. "On arriving at Pilot Knob the afternoon before the engagement of the Twenty-seventh, I went into a barber shop to be shaved. Suddenly, when the barber had shaved only one-half of my face, the long roll was beaten. I left my chair instantly, and reached my company, half a block away, with one side of my face shaved smooth, whereas the other displayed a two weeks' growth of beard. I did not complete the shave until six days afterward, when a colored barber did the job at Rolla, 75 miles away. While working the dirt and sand out of the 'long side,' the fellow's curiosity was excited, until he could no longer

refrain from comments. "'I nevan see a face befo', sah,' said he, dat one side was richer dan de

odder; but yo's is, suah!' "My explanation seemed to afford him great relief."-Youth's Compan-

Fastidious Pet. The member of an automobile touring party from Washinigton to Baltimore stopped for the night at a certain caravansary at Hagerstown, in Mary aside from the raw material, they de-

troubles, complications and dangers of mans, whatever their colors, will be old chap that kept the place came for protested, breathlessly. "We want a couple of pounds of

cheese and some large, square crackers for a Welsh rabbit." The old man seemed doubtful. got the cheese, all right," said he, "but I ain't got no large, square crackers. Won't your rabbit eat the small ones?" -Harper's Magazine.

Not for Her.

"What did you say to him, dad?" "I asked him if he could support you in the style to which you had become accustomed."

"And he?" "He said he could."

"If he tries it I'll leave him." Insufficient sleep and late hours are some of the causes which retard growth and health of children.

> NEW IDEA Helped Wisconsin Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas of politics has long been that if Aus- often lead to better health, success

A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes: "Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nerv-

ous, sallow, weak and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a bracer." (Delusion.) "Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow

we should give some attention to new Ideas, we decided to test Postum. "When we made it right we liked it and were free of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change-fresher skin, sturdier nerves,

better temper, etc. "These changes were not sudden, but increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee. "Many of our friends did not like

Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they made Postum according to directions on pkg., they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to

Wellville," in pkgs. Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. Made in the cup with hot water

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

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in their private correspondence with

women, which proves its superiority.

Women who have been cured say,

it is "worth its weight in gold." At

druggists. 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Truth came up out of her well one day with so merciless a look in her eve that disquieting rumors sprang into circulation. Was she about to take over the dominion of the world? A group of gentlemen made haste to

"Well, who are you?" demanded

Truth, with ominous coldness. "Publishers, if you please, ma'am. Er-the advance notices of our books, you know-er-er. In short, ma'am, we need the money!" stammered the gentlemen, in much confusion.

It was impossible not to feel a certain compassion for them. "Well we'll see what can be done," said Truth, not unkindly. No. SIX-SIXTY-SIX

This is a prescription prepared especially for Malaria or Chills and Fever. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic

the fever will not return. 25c .- Adv. The New Catechism. A well-known doctor of Savannah has two children-a little daughter.

aged six, and a small son, aged four. One day he overheard the little girl putting her brother through an examination in Bible history. "Do you know who the first man

and the first woman were?" "Yeth, I do," lisped the boy "I'll bet you don't know their ames," pressed the sister.

"I bet I do!" replied the little fel "Well, what were their names, then, Mr. Smarty?" "Edem and Ab!" answered the little

ooy.—Saturday Evening Post

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXA-TIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops cough and headache, and works off cold. 25c.

Nothing New. Apropos of certain fresh revelations of corruption in the realms of high finance, Thomas W. Lawson said at a dinner in Boston: "Columbus found out that the world

ors before him must have found out that it was anything but square." Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure. The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr.

was round. But surely lots of invest-

The Way of It. "I suppose you sat at the captain's table?"

"The captain sat at our table," re-

Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieve

sponded Mrs. Nurich, with dignity, How To Give Quinine To Children FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle- 25 cents.

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